

A TRULY COMIC  
LECTURE ON LECTURES,

WRITTEN BY THE CELEBRATED  
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AND SPOKEN BY  
Mr JOHNSON, of the Theatre Royal, EDINBURGH,  
In Character of Dr EAST.

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## A LECTURE ON LECTURES.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I AM going presently, as you will presently find, to give you a LECTURE on LECTURES; but first and foremost, I think it necessary that I should give some account of myself, because why, a man who can give no account of himself, is to all intents and purposes a vagrant.

First, as to my name, LAUNCELOT LAST, at your service, by trade, when I used to follow it, a Shoemaker; but happening to see one of your Lectures in our town, I was inspired, as it were; and knowing him to be no better a Schollar than myself, I took off my apron, threw down my lap-stone, kicked up my last, gave up my awl, and so set off to Lecture.

I was a long time before I could determine with myself what subject to begin upon, at last 'Stronomy came into my head, but I found the stars were out of my reach, and whenever I dipp'd into that science, I was presently lost, as it were, in a cloud.

Then Ottamy came into my head; I was at home to a peg in Ottamy; for as to plucking out a tooth, picking out a corn, or curing the gripes, nobody is more skilful than myself; but when I came to the imputation of a leg, and as I am naturally tender-hearted, I found it too cutting a business for me.

Then says I to myself, what think'it thaw Launcelot Last of Chymistry! I thought as how that business was something in my way; for as to your *conselves* and *preserves* nobody is more learned in that way than myself: but then, thinks I again, some of my auditors may have an objection to the name of Physic, and physic now a-days is nothing but a drug.

Then Heraldry came into my head; but happening to see the King's arms on a hackey-coach, I thought the dignity of that science was gone to the dogs.

I was advis'd by a friend to set about Midwifery; but my mind was big with a thousand apprehensions whenever I thought on Midwifery, so I gave it up, because I thought I should never be able to deliver myself on that subject.

I would have set about a Lecture on Heads, but my friend • Alexander Stevens had dissected every head in the kingdom so well, that I should have been set down as one of his *blockheads*, if I had meddled with ever a one.

\* Stevens' Lecture on Heads to be had from the Publisher. Price 6d.

I thought the Heart would be no bad subject, but I could find so very few good ones, that I had not a heart to set about it.

Thinking of bad hearts put the Law into my head, and I thought a Lecture on the Law would be no bad thing; then says I to myself, the Law is no good thing in itself, but would it not be better if I could make a good subject out of it? I thought and I ponder'd about it, 'till I found myself like a poor fly in a cobweb. The Law always puts me in mind of a—coffin—once in you're never out again.

If none of these subjects will do, what in the name of Lucifer will do!—Lucifer! who the devil is Lucifer? a great Orator mayhap.—Odds-bobbs, an Orator! It directly came into my head, that a Lecture on Oratory would be the best thing I could set about; and so I begins my Lecture on Oratory.

*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

NOW according to the Learned, and I am something of a scholar myself, Oratory means Jawing; because why? Why, because no Orator can speak without his jaws. Perhaps now you think I can't give you a Latin *derivation* for it: Now you'll find yourselves mistaken! What is English for *O.S.*? why *bone*, to be sure; and the jaws being full of bones, they are *fixed proofs* that the word Oratory comes from *O.S.*

Now I think it is necessary that you should know what an Orator is;—and what is it you will say? I answer, It is a man.—And what is he to do? I answer, to speak words.—And what are words? I answer, letters put together:—But there can be no word without a *worm*; because why? Why do you see, because they—can't.

What are the necessary qualities of an Orator? The first, he must spit; then wipe his mouth; then lay his hand upon his *hart*, then turn up his eyes; then out comes a word, then another follows it; and then, like a post-horse, let him get on as fast as he can.

An Orator shou'd be a good Mimic too.—Odds-bobbs, now, I talk of Mimics, I must take care what I am about, for I am surrounded by mimics here, and they will be for taking me off, perhaps; now you shall see, I will save them the trouble, and take off myself.

[*Running off the Stage.*

THE END.



